

# Good Morning 332

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Britain is taking Tug Leadership To-day

BEFORE the war many a seaman used to smile when he saw a tough-as-teak tug put to sea. To-day he proudly salutes these little "tough guys" and the men who crew them, for they have performed, in a variety of ways, duties that few would have thought them capable in the piping days of Peace.

Under the command of Captain C. Walcott, C.B.E., Captain-in-Charge of Rescue Tugs, the fleet of these vessels that have been built up since 1939 have been responsible for some very great achievements. Vessels carrying valuable cargo have been snatched from Davy Jones' Locker because the "tugmen" have displayed that dash and daring so long associated with the Senior Service.

Prior to the war Dutch salvage firms dominated the scene and were the most successful in this specialised work. After the war, however, Britain looks to be certain of a long lead, for we are constantly improving, with new additions to our fleet, the ways and means of achieving the "almost impossible."

The German U-boats have very good reason to know the work of these tugmen. For example, one vessel was called out to the assistance of a tanker wallowing far out in the ever-dangerous Atlantic.

A torpedo had blown off her bow and she seemed a certain loss. After ploughing her way through heavy seas the tug reached the tanker and took her in tow. By a miracle she reached port, and as she entered harbour an escort vessel signalled, "Haw Haw has been telling us that ship you're towing was sunk."

This "mistake" on the part of the U-boat captain who had claimed the tanker can be appreciated, for no one, with the exception of a Royal Navy tug, could have pulled off such a remarkable feat and hauled a seemingly "dead" ship back to the shipyard and a new life.

One of the greatest tug experts in the world is now Senior Master of Tugs, Lieut.-Commander Harold Osbourne, O.B.E., R.N.R., famed as a pre-war Humber pilot, and hailing from Hull, is considered, even by our American friends, to have few peers in his particular field. During the last war he was very prominent in the salvage operations, and since 1939 he has salvaged 40,000 tons of shipping.

On one occasion he received a message to go to the assistance of a Sunderland Flying Boat that had "landed" in the sea some 230 miles from base.

The Commander sighted the flying boat, took it in tow, and completed the longest tow of its kind with great success. That Sunderland, I am told, is once more on operational duty.

On another occasion, the tug "Samsonia" received a message telling her to go to a certain area for a Lockheed bomber which, the message said, was adrift on a raft. The officers aboard the tug thought there must be a mistake—but orders are orders!

They searched without success and were about to give up when they spotted "something" on the horizon. It was

the plane. Apparently it had been lashed to a raft and placed aboard a merchantman's deck. When this vessel had been sunk the raft had floated off. Again a valuable plane was towed to safety and is now in action against Germany.

Some of the cargoes snatched from the sea by our tugs amount to a great deal of money. H.M.S. "Dexterous," for instance, under the command of Sub-Lieutenant Ronald Fletcher, of Eastbourne, put to sea and brought back a ship carrying a cargo valued at £250,000!

Another famous tug, the "Saucy," performed one of the most remarkable salvage feats of all time when she towed a bottomless ship 1,000 miles to



## Charts may tell whom to marry (But not When!)

A NEW YORK psychologist, Dr. Thomas Garrett, is reported to be working on a formula for taking the "gamble" out of marriage by giving engaged couples information obtained by the measurement of their "brain waves." If the waves are harmonious, the theory goes, the marriage will have a good chance of being happy.

Whether this theory is correct remains to be seen. But great use is being made in other directions of the instrument that measures brain waves. The electro-encephalograph, or, to give it its usual "nickname," the E.E.G., is really a very sensitive detector and amplifier of minute electric currents. The amplified currents are made to write their own track, and thus a series of electric surges appear as a succession of waves on paper. The electric currents measured are those of the brain. The instrument has a complicated name, but is simple in principle, consisting of electrodes to fit the head, amplifiers and a stylus for writing.

The fact that small electric changes were constantly taking place in the brain has been known for many years, but it is only recent advances, through wireless, in the methods of detecting and amplifying the minutest currents, that have made recording of them possible.

The E.E.G. has been in use in America and Britain for about three years and already some remarkable results have been

obtained. Just what these wavy lines on the paper mean, doctors are not yet certain. But experiment enables them to find what they show. The normal "brain wave" is quite regular.

A deformation in the brain causes irregular waves. Thus by recording the waves from different directions, surgeons may be able to locate a tumour of the brain with great exactness. Finding just where a tumour is increases the chances of successful operation and removal immensely.

Hitherto, surgeons have had to explore by deduction or by an exceedingly difficult and sometimes dangerous technique of X-raying. In some hundreds of instances, the E.E.G. has pointed out the presence or absence of a tumour and its exact position with almost one hundred per cent. accuracy.

Certain types of insanity and mental abnormality produce characteristic "brain waves" on paper. Recording them does not help to cure them, but it does help in correct diagnosis. It is not always easy to say whether a man suffering from a mental disease which shows itself only in fits is, in fact, insane. He may commit some horrible crime during an attack and afterwards appear outwardly perfectly normal. But the E.E.G. shows his weakness.

Evidence obtained with the aid of the instrument has already been given in at least two murder trials in Britain. In time it may become the accepted thing for a report on a murderer's "brain waves" to be given whenever there is any question of his sanity. The courts are reluctant to accept evidence of this kind, unless it is supported in other ways, but undoubtedly in one case, the "brain wave" record helped a jury to find the prisoner guilty but insane.

Epilepsy is one of the most terrible diseases, no "cure" for which is known. Doctors differ even on its cause. But it is known to be hereditary in certain instances, and it may be passed on by a person who suffers from no fits himself, but has a tendency. This "tendency" is shown by the E.E.G.

Provided the person with it did not marry another with the same tendency, his children would be quite normal and he

would never suffer in the least, or even suspect the tendency. Examination of the "brain waves" of husband and wife can reveal instantly where it would be inadvisable to have children for this reason. These examinations may become routine and point the way to eliminating this terrible disease.

For those who suffer from epilepsy not to have children would not get rid of the disease, for it would be passed on by those with a "tendency" which is concealed. Incidentally, the brain waves of a sufferer show the approach of an attack long before there are any other symptoms, and this may be valuable in reducing suffering.

In Britain doctors working with an E.E.G. obtained by the L.C.C., are optimistic about its value in dealing with juvenile delinquency.

Not a few children who are "bad-tempered" and with a tendency to "petty crime" are simply suffering from a mental abnormality which, once detected, can be cured by medical treatment. The difficulty has been to detect the abnormality. For this purpose, the E.E.G. is proving very valuable, although the work is still in its earliest stages.

The waves used by doctors are the "beta" waves obtained when the subject is relaxed. As soon as he starts to concentrate or think hard, these waves disappear and in sleep they are replaced by big and irregular "storm" waves.

What these other waves mean is not at present understood. The possibilities of brain-wave recording are only just being explored, and although remarkable results have been obtained, it is probable that this is only a beginning.

Having your brain waves recorded is as simple as having a tooth X-rayed, and, of course, perfectly painless and harmless. At present there are only a dozen or so instruments in the world, and it takes even an expert many months to become skilled with one.

When we get many more machines and many more workers, it is probable that the E.E.G. will rank with the thermometer, the X-ray and electro-cardiograph as one of the great instruments of diagnosis.

## Home Town News

### "GENT. IN DISGUISE."

A SAILOR who called in for a drink at the Antelope Inn, Union Street, Plymouth, was surprised at finding a "gentleman" in full evening dress drawing the beer.

But it was only the landlady, Mrs. Doreen Crane, who is a male impersonator, and was about to leave for a troop show.

Mrs. Crane puts in a lot of work in this way, and her appearance behind the bar in costume is accepted by regular customers as quite normal.

### WALES BLUE-PRINT.

BIG shots in the educational, public, civic and industrial life of Wales have made a blue-print of its future. Led by Principal J. F. Rees, of University College of South Wales and Mon., they have diagnosed the old ills of the district, its war enterprises, basic industry's problems, and how to turn the war's sword into peace-time ploughshares.

They have done a good job. They take a gloomy view of the future of the coal export trade, Wales's sheet-anchor up to now—the mines employ 100,000—and propose an international agreement after the war, and a policy of Government aid to win back markets. Mining machinery they plan to make on the spot instead of importing it; in future we shall have to depend on sales to keep the home fires, and not us."

the foreigners', burning, and plans are suggested for development of oil from coal to win back lost bunker coal trade captured by oil.

Conversion of war factories is to be priority No. 1 in keeping up war-time employment. A drive will be made to induce American firms to use Wales as a factory centre to serve England; the trunk road linking N. with S. Wales, and the Severn Bridge, with co-ordinated municipal aerodromes and a Transatlantic air base, are also in the blue-print. A Welsh Electricity Board to develop the export of electricity to other areas is proposed.

### WHO NEEDS 'EM?

THE rate at which telephone directories are disappearing from kiosks in the South-West is giving Post Office officials a headache.

The public are always complaining that when they go into a box to use the phone there's nothing hanging up where the directory ought to be.

At Plympton, three directories were "knocked off" by persons unknown in the course of three weeks.

The city of Plymouth loses 'em at the rate of three a day—which is more than 1,000 a year, a pretty considerable item.

As for why people pinch them, officials reply "Search us."

## The £.S.D. OF IT STAMPS

STAMP collecting is "booming" in Britain as never before, and postage stamps are fetching twice and three times as much as they did before the war.

The reason is that the number of collectors has grown rapidly, whereas the number of obsolete stamps has remained the same, or even diminished.

Millions have been destroyed through the misfortunes of war, and millions more are "locked up" on the Continent.

One day in 1851, someone walked into a post office in New Brunswick and bought a reddish-mauve stamp for a shilling. Recently, collectors at a London auction bid each other up to £77 10s. for that stamp. This price is by no means a record.

Most famous of all stamps is the British Guiana one-cent magenta of 1856. Only one copy is known to exist, although a number were printed. It was first sold by a schoolboy for 6s.

In 1882 it was sold with a number of others to a Liverpool collector for £125. Only then was its rarity appreciated, and when it was next offered for sale in 1922 Mr.

Arthur Hind paid £7,343 for it.

In 1935 it was again in the market, but withdrawn when only £7,500 was offered.

For a unique stamp there is no real "market price," but £15,000 might be the present-day valuation.

Britain before the war was estimated to spend £10,000,000 a year on stamps for collections. The sum to-day is probably greater.

The hobby appeals to rich and poor. The rich find the rarest stamps a safe investment—the poor exercise ingenuity in exchanges or go carefully through "odd lots" bought for a few shillings to find rarities, which do turn up.

Amongst the biggest prices ever paid for stamps are £5,250 for a pair of British Guiana 1850 two cent; £3,900 for Hawaiian 1851 two cents; and £2,338 for a Mauritius 2d. 1847.

But not all expensive stamps are old. An error on a King George V Jubilee penny stamp of Morocco sent the collector's price to £36, and a mistake in issuing a rejected sheet of sixty Prussian blue 2½d. Jubilee stamps, instead of the approved "ultramarine," resulted in the sixty stamps becoming worth £50,000, to-day, probably more.

Amongst the biggest prices realised for collections are the £402,965 paid in 1922-1925 for the Ferrari collection, sequestered by the French Government after the

first Great War, and sold for reparations; and the £100,000-odd paid for the collection of Mr. Arthur Hind, the U.S. collector.

Before the present war, when dealers from all nations met at the London International Stamp Dealers' Bourse, £50,000 worth of stamps were sold in two or three days.

Many dealers carry "stock" worth £50,000. Some specialising in "packets" would not buy stamps in smaller lots than 50,000 of each value!

One of the finest collections belongs to the nation, and was valued at £100,000 in 1891, when it was left by Mr. T. K. Tapling. It is now worth much more.

The special cabinets which house it on 4,752 leaves at the British Museum cost £3,500 alone.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# 'China wants you top-side' they said

WHEN the *Herod Antipas* cleared the Hooghli, she was short of two hands in addition to the dead carpenter and the vanished Calvert. Both the lamp-trimmer and Malachi Crinnion had gone down with "the shivers," and had been paid off and left ashore in hospital. Much to the disgust of his shipmates, the cook had been released after only a few hours, and returned on board happy in the possession of a genuine grievance.

"I'll 'ave the lor' on the bleedin' swine," he threatened, viciously gouging the eyes out of a wizened potato. "The kisel'll go to the 'Ouse o' Lords, if it tikes every penny I pays orf wiv."

It appeared that the police had taken away Mr. 'Itchens' boots when he kicked on the door of his cell, and that his toes had suffered when he repeated the process in his stockinged feet. "Earless me-deevie torchery," it was, and all that one could expect from such "flat-footed minions." "But if there's any bleedin' justice in the bleedin' world, I'm bleedin' well going to 'ave it," he wound up darkly.

"'Tis man's inhumanity to man, Lobscouse," consoled Hairy Butler. "Summons them, cooky, and maybe ye'll get a thousand pounds damages. Then ye'd be able to buy up the *Antipas*, and set up for a capitalist on ye're own."

"Youse wouldn't be sailin' bo'sun if I did," said the cook ungraciously. "Beats me why the Old Man 'ad to pick on a prodigal bum like you, when Malachi was took ashore."

"Ye can't keep a good man down," retorted the Irishman imperturbably. "Look at the tea-grocer he'll be drawin' carpenter's pay till we get home. 'Tis only gaolbirds like yerself and the cassub that comes to a bad end. Ye've a grand neck for a rope,

## The Sea-green Grocer

By JASPAR POWER

PART XVIII

Lobscouse, now I come to look at ye; I only wish 'twas meself that had the tying of it." And Hairy Butler strolled forward for a smoke, in accordance with his theory that a bo'sun's presence only distracts sailors from their tasks.

There were no white sailors to be got in Colombo, where the *Herod Antipas* tied up for a few hours while tea was loaded into her 'tweendecks. The shipping master, out of the kindness of his heart, offered to procure a couple of Malays, but China Hughes urged him not to bother. He said that he had not found them reliable.

The old tramp was off Minicoy, plunging heavily through the south-west monsoon, when Pybus developed a belated interest in the science of navigation. Already he had pinned a home-made calendar at the head of his bunk, and blotted out a date every dog watch, like a schoolboy anticipating the end of term. The *Herod Antipas* was

homeward bound, and the grocer availed himself of the most trivial excuses for entering and loitering in the chartroom.

After much furtive poring over the charts, he succeeded in identifying in turn Sokotra, Guardafui, and the Daedalus Light, and solemnly studied the warnings about "hostile natives," and valuable information on the position of springs on the shores of the Red Sea. When Ferdinand Whalebelly stooped over the table and plotted out courses, Pybus gaped at the manipulation of dividers and parallel rule like a South Sea Islander at a theodolite. Each noon when the officers shot the sun, he was all ears for the day's run; and spent hours working out the distance yet to be covered, with the assistance of a tattered nautical almanac which had strayed into the foc'sle.

"Channel fever," jeered his shipmates. "Wait till you get off the Start, and sniff your cheeses on the off-shore wind." Whenever he had

occasion to make a knot of any description Hairy Butler besought him not to tie a "teagrocer's bowline," and each time one bell struck to warn the watch shortly due on deck, Pybus was awakened by a mighty howl of: "Shop."

The *Herod Antipas* did not hurry, for she was thickly coated below the water-line with weeds and barnacles. Her sides bristled with wind chutes, sticking out from every port, mostly improvised out of cardboard or butter tins. She churned up the Gulf of Suez through a lustreless sea which heaved sluggishly like castor oil; motionless as telegraph wires, ribbons of smoke hung horizontally in the heavy air, exactly where it had been left by steamers long out of sight. Almost imperceptibly the frieze of jagged mountains slipped astern, its outline suggesting that a child had been busy with shears and red linoleum. "It's stinking hot, Hairy," gasped Pybus, joining the Irishman on the foc'sle head. "If you was to put eggs on that foredeck, I believe they'd fry."

"I've known it warmer, Queer Fella off Port Sudan it was, the

### USELESS EUSTACE



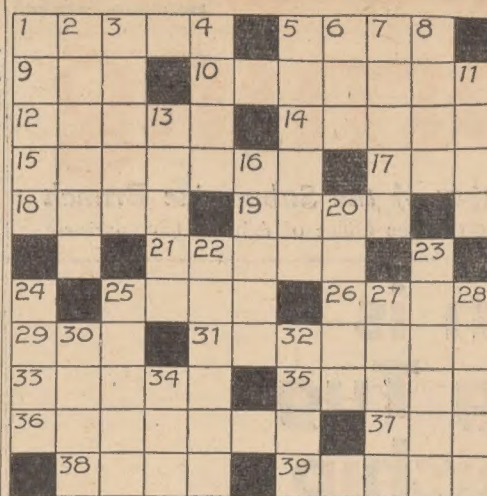
"Strewth! What extraordinary hats Mrs. Whipple wears, Winnie!"

*J. S. Newcombe's*  
Short odd—But true

Trees grow in America to an incredible age. The giant of the famous coniferous grove at Calaveras, California, 327 feet high and 90 feet in circumference, is reputed to be between 3,000 and 4,000 years old.

Yale University, in the States, got its name from the man who endowed it, Elihu Yale, but there is also a fabulous beast called a yale. He is white with yellow spots ("silver bezanty"), and appears on the arms of Henry VII's mother, Lady Margaret Beaufort; he is also to be seen at Hampton Court in stone among the heraldic "King's beasts."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Knock.
- 5 Seemed to reel.
- 9 Stick.
- 10 Whole number.
- 12 Girl's name.
- 14 Join.
- 15 Passed lightly.
- 17 Meadow.
- 18 A certain number.
- 19 Find congenial.
- 21 Golf club.
- 25 Walk.
- 26 Musical work.
- 29 Islet.
- 31 Practical one.
- 33 Land measures.
- 35 Fleecy tuft.
- 36 Girl's name.
- 37 Novel.
- 38 Bridge.
- 39 More land measures.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Gross.
- 2 Flop along.
- 3 Dislike.
- 4 Row.
- 5 Workroom.
- 6 Swelling.
- 7 Nimble.
- 8 Allot.
- 11 Actual.
- 13 Mountain top.
- 16 Run off.
- 20 Small hill.
- 22 Individual.
- 23 Took chaff from.
- 24 Cape Dutch.
- 25 Sharpen.
- 27 Musically soft.
- 28 Simmers long.
- 30 Covers with sugar.
- 32 A distance.
- 34 Girl's name.

CROPPER  
LOAF REAP  
SUNG DULCET  
OLD DEN YAH  
FLOWERET SI  
IT REVILED N  
IT BODLEIAN  
SOB TEA LIE  
HOUSES CARD  
TRUE DUTY  
RESTORE

year the *Colibri* got rammed by the Dutch mailboat. We'd a young with remarkable dignity. They apprentice went to the wheel in his brass-bound reefer, and in half an hour every single, solitary button was melted off it. It took him the best part of a watch below scraping the splashes off the deck, so it did."

"Oh," said Reginald Pybus politely. "What was his name, Hairy?"

"Bilgebucket," said Hairy Butler. "Daniel Bilgebucket. He was later give a medal be the Humane Society for catching a tiger that slipped outa a cage in the same ship, and went roaring round the place like a Black and Tan. He injooiced the baste to intrude his tail through the bung of an empty cask, and made him fast be tyin' a figure of eight knot so 'twouldn't come out agen. Queer Fella, d'ye see that mountain opening on the star-board bow?"

"Yes," said the grocer unenthusiastically. "I see it."

"That's Mount Arra'root," announced the Irishman impressively. "The *Antipas* was aground there once, when Noah had her. 'I'd better be gettin' the ropes up for the Canal, we're gettin' near it."

The *Herod Antipas* lay at anchor while the searchlight was hoisted from a lighter and hung over the stem from the cathead like an old-fashioned box camera. Sanitary officials came aboard in crimson

A public library existed in Athens in 540 B.C. The library at Alexandria, destroyed when Julius Caesar set fire to the city in 47 B.C., contained 400,000 manuscript books. Before the days of printing, libraries were few, and got together only at enormous cost.

Animal worship, or zoolatry, is still practised in certain parts of the world. The zebu is still an object of adoration amongst the Hindus, and snake worship survives on the west coast of Africa.

fezes, carrying large watering cans walked about the decks, portentously spraying disinfectant on everything that caught their eye. Pybus was leaning over the rail, watching ashes being dumped into a dhow alongside, when Old Dick tapped him on the shoulder.

"China wants you topside," he said. "Hairy and the Professor is up with him, a'laughing like hiheeners."

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—280

1. Rearrange the letters of MAY DEW to make an English river.

2. Put some plate-leavings in PEA and make an island containing a great naval dockyard.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change GIVE into TAKE and then back into GIVE, without using the same word twice.

4. In the following first line of a well-known song, both the letters in the words and the words themselves have been shuffled. Can you read it? Henit lyon em esey knird ot whit.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 279

1. CharmING.
2. Are-na.
3. EYE, lye, lee, led, lid, LIP, nip, nil, ail, awl, awe, ewe, EYE.
3. The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.

## QUIZ for today

1. A theave is a burglar alarm, wild flower, young sheep, priest's vestment, dance step, bird?
2. Who wrote (a) The Return of the Soldier, (b) The Sailor's Return.
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Plum, Cherry, Apple, Banana, Blackberry, Sloe, Raspberry, Peach, Apricot.
4. For what is Kimberley noted?
5. What were the names of the dogs who barked at King Lear?
6. About how many pennies did the Mint coin in 1941?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Thane, Therapeutic, Thill, Thoth, Thraw, Toreadore, Torrid.
8. What is the capital of Portugal?
9. What is the distance by rail from London to Glasgow, in round figures?
10. With what country do you associate Clive?
11. Mrs. Feather is a radio character played by—whom?
12. Name three English birds beginning with K.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 331

1. Horse.
2. (a) Compton Mackenzie, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Masfield is Poet Laureate; others were not.
4. The female side.
5. A "building."
6. At the Grand Central Terminal, New York.
7. Frugal, Frigid.
8. No.
9. Physician.
10. Singhalese.
11. The Scarlet Pimpernel.
12. Low, Grimes, Strube, etc.

## SURREY CLAIMS WORLD MARBLE CHAMPS

From Peter Davis

THE marble championship of the world! That is the proud record claimed by the folk of Tinsley Green, in Surrey. Every year, for three centuries and more, they have held a marble tournament in the courtyard of the Greyhound Inn—and the former champion, Mr. F. G. Harding, recently lost his title to Mr. W. G. (Glass-alley) Burberry.

The game, in fact, has resolved itself into something of a family feud in Tinsley. The Hardings and Burberries have always tried out their "commons" and "bloodies" against one another. Although outside challengers are invited, conditions are severe. Imagine a six-foot circle, marking the limits from which a contestant may shoot. Within it is a one-foot circle containing marbles. Each entrant shoots a large "tolley" marble in turn, between the crook of the bent thumb and first finger. The first to knock out seven marbles is the winner—and the tournament sometimes lasts for hours!

For all that, the world's true marble champ, to my mind, is Berry Pink, of New York, who has cashed in on the marble game and runs a factory turning out a million marbles every 24 hours. He used to make "mibs," or playing marbles, only, but the trade isn't all infantile. The mer who make marbles for schoolboys also make traffic reflectors. Haven't you noticed that the only kind of night sign still shining in the black-out is made of glass marbles sparkling in response to headlamps?

And how much do you remember of your own marble days, anyway? Remember your red marble "bulls' eyes" and "taws"? Marbles were once made only of clay. Now they are nearly all glass. Lime, sand and soda are melted and chemicals added to provide colours. Cadmium and selenium produces red, cobalt makes a true blue marble. Machines, operating on the

same principle as the rolling of a ball of putty between the hands, shape the lumpy glass to the right, exactly spherical shape.

Marbles is an ancient and respectable game, dating back to the Greeks. They used marble pebbles, hence the name. Now even the B.B.C. uses marbles for some of its stormier sound effects.

Drake might never have played bowls on Plymouth Hoe if he hadn't played marbles as a boy, for both bowls and billiards are mere offshoots of the classical marble game. This may surprise the 1,230,000 men who play bowls in the United Kingdom. They'll tell you that bowls is the oldest outdoor pastime in Britain next to archery, and they date bowls back to the thirteenth century.

Thank you. A British Museum missal of the eleventh century shows a crowd of monks intent on a game. But they're playing marbles! And, what's more, they're described as coming from Surrey.

## JANE





## BEELZEBUB JONES

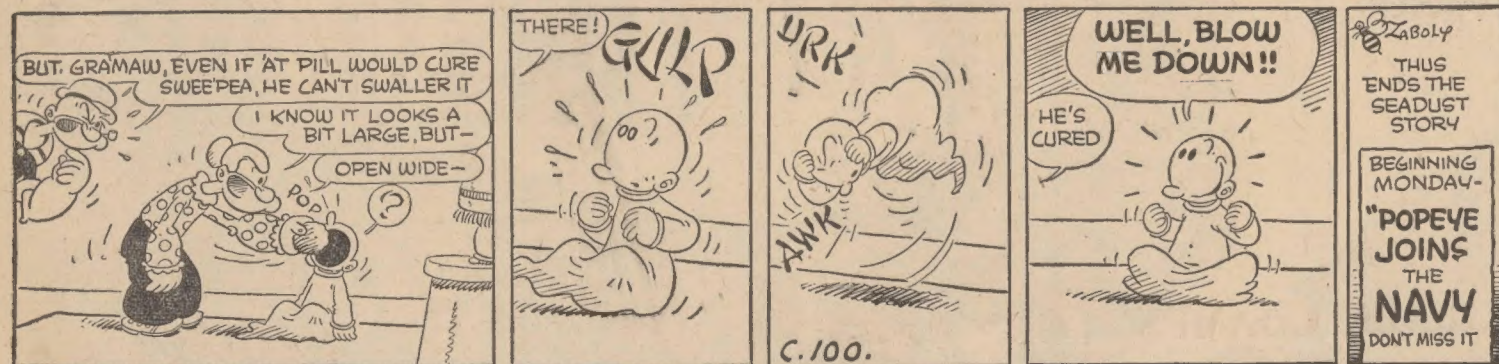
## WHILE IN LONDON...



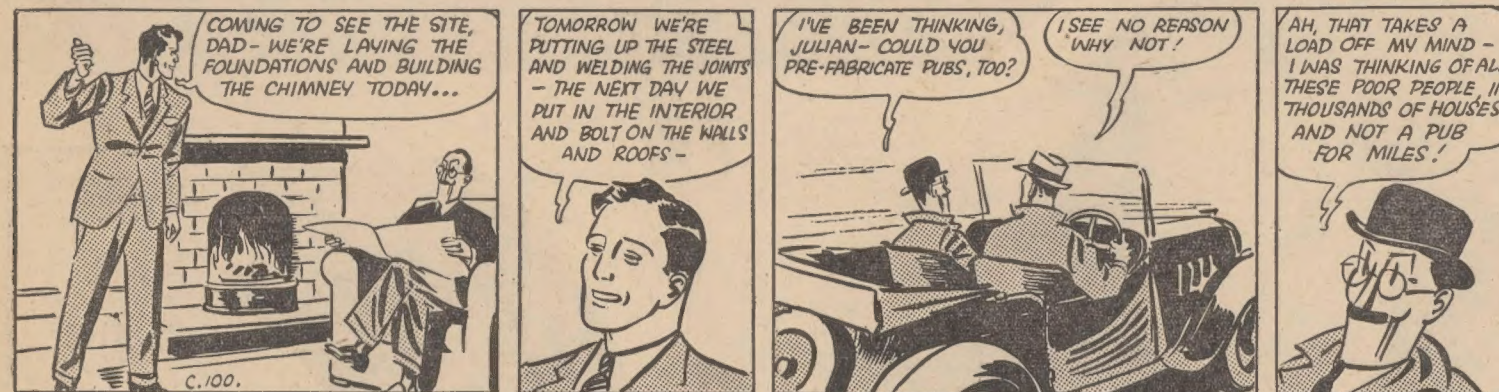
## BELINDA



## POPEYE



## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



IT has always been my contention that night clubs were all the same. But I stand corrected.

An out-of-London club I visited was very different from the Cavendish, the Studio, and the Nuthouse. I dented the mould of smoke when I pushed the door inwards, and high-pitched voices intermingled with clinking crockery as I entered, too, but still, there was something very different about the joint.

It wasn't necessary to show a membership card to get in, nor did a peeper eye me through a stamp-book-size door under the knocker. But hot jazz notes pierced the pudgy air like Spitfires breaking through clouds.

In a distant corner, after my eyes stopped burning, I was able to connect up the tapping noises I had heard previously with a snooker game. More central was a table tennis tourney in full ping. Around and between everything couples were standing close and swaying all their limbs, and occasionally thrashing the air with an arm or leg.

The jazz, I was told, was being manufactured by the Bachelor Boys.

OFFICIAL name of the club is Open House. Billy Isaacs is the organiser for the Committee of Action in the City of Bath. The building is that of the Parkside British Restaurant.

No intoxicants are sold, of course, and the object is not to fleece visitors, but to keep the local boys and girls off the streets. Entertainers and workers give services for the pleasure of provoking wholesome entertainment for the youth of Britain who are slanderously labelled juvenile delinquents.

Their pleasure is well founded and copious—needless to say.

TAKING Chaplin out of the court-light is another story from Hollywood, city that's always in the news.

Deportation proceedings have been ordered against Peggy la rue Satterlee, sixteen-year-old showgirl involved in the charge of statutory rape on which Errol Flynn was acquitted.

She is said to be a friend of Owen Cathcart-Jones, British airman, against whom deportation proceedings have also been instituted for overstaying his visiting permit.

Is this an old fashion getting fashionable again?

DANCES which help to keep troops cheerful justify the use of petrol in taking a band to the dance hall.

The Hull stipendiary magistrate, Mr. J. R. Macdonald, gave this ruling recently in dismissing a "misuse of petrol" summons against a Hull taxi firm and awarding them £5 5s. costs.

He also dismissed a summons against Hornsea Urban District Council, which organised the dance, for aiding and abetting, and awarded them £5 5s.

"The Ministry of Fuel and Power was misguided in instituting the proceedings," said the magistrate.

Note: It is not known whether or not the magistrate is a rug-cutter. He has the right idea, anyway!

REMEMBER Bluebeard? In 1921 Henry Landru, "Bluebeard" with eleven victims—ten women and the son of one of them—to his account, promised marriage to the women, murdered them in his country cottage, and burned the bodies in the kitchen stove.

The trial lasted over three weeks: Landru was executed.

Well, here we go again—another Bluebeard mystery, recalling the notorious Landru case, has been discovered in Paris, according to the German Overseas News Agency.

A chance find in the cellars of an empty house in the Rue Lesuer, near the Arc de Triomphe, revealed the charred remains of women.

Bones belonging to eight bodies have already been identified. Limbs were also found in a hole in the backyard. Indications have been found that the murderer killed at least twenty-five women.

The house is owned by a doctor, who lived in another street. When the police arrived to arrest him he had vanished.

Ron Richards



**Good  
Morning**

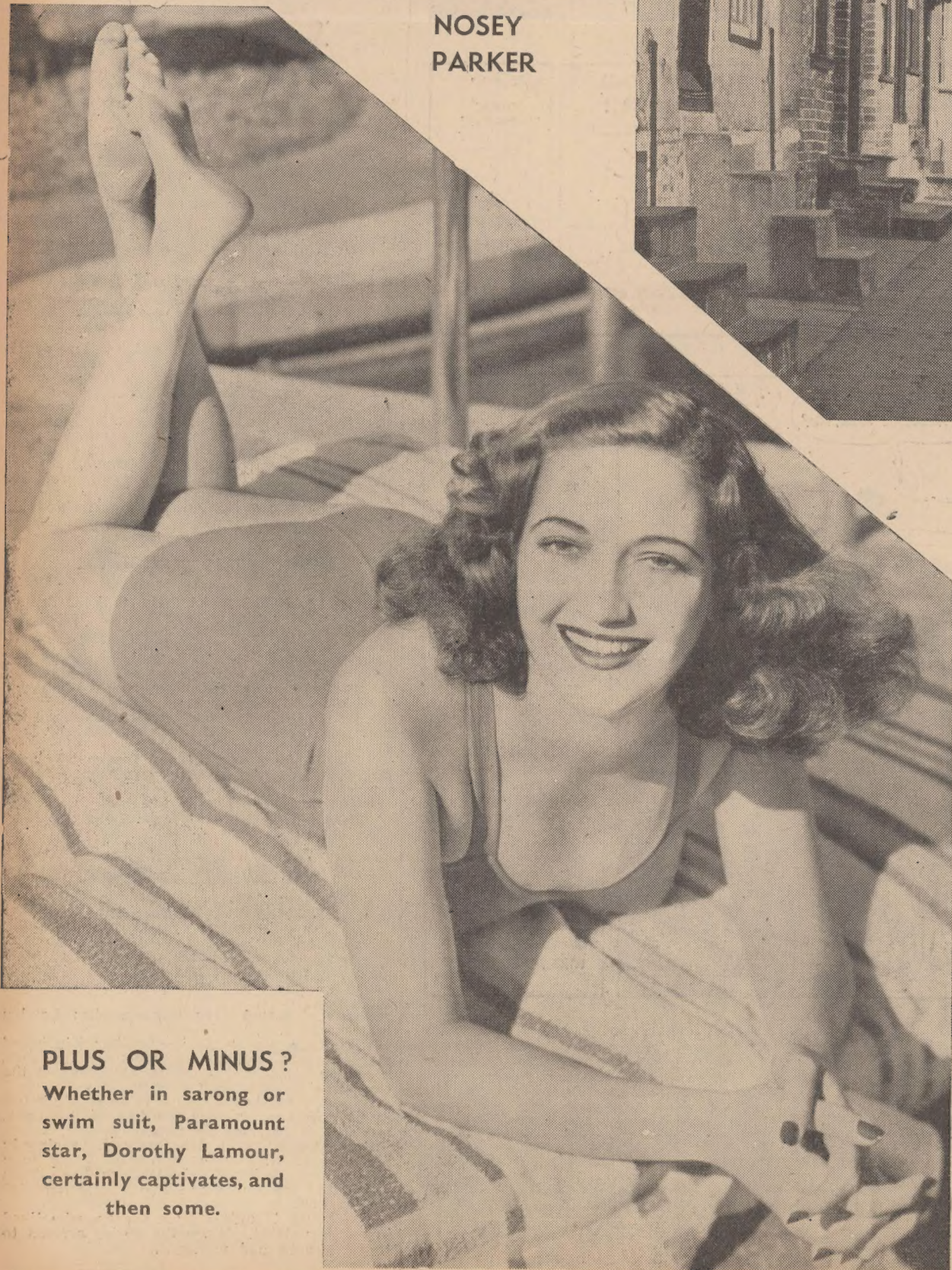


**NOSEY  
PARKER**



***This  
England***

An old - fashioned  
street in an old  
Roman town. Fish-  
pool Street, St.  
Albans.



**PLUS OR MINUS?**

Whether in sarong or  
swim suit, Paramount  
star, Dorothy Lamour,  
certainly captivates, and  
then some.



★  
THE  
CALL  
OF THE  
SEA  
(LION)  
★

**OUR CAT SIGNS OFF**

"Did you ring,  
sir?"

